WOMEN IN THE SADDLE

RIDING ASTRIDE NOT GENERALLY FAVORED

Mrs. L. A. Dalrymple Percival's Persistence Gets Her Hunter Over Fences — A Woman That Breaks Her Own Horses — Fearless Women Who Ride

In spite of the ever increasing popularity of the motor car there is one feature of the equine favorite which this modern invention can never usurp.

The hunting events, the champion harness classes and the roadster classes which are parts of the programme at every horse show, never arouse the enthusiasm which the saddle classes and the cross-country hunting events call forth. At the recent Bay Shore horse show, where the cross-country events were prominent, the grand stand in front of the show ring which held international harness champions was practically deserted while the hunting classes were in the field which is laid out behind the regular show ring.

For several years there has been considerable controversy between the experts of the side saddle and the devotees of the cross saddle, although the riding academies have always advocated the use of the former. This season at the large horse shows the ladies' saddle and hunting classes restricted the use of a side saddle which is as it should be for a ladies' saddle horse or a hunter really means an animal broken to side saddle and trained to carry a woman wearing a long skirt. Many horses perfectly broken under a cross saddle are not ladies' saddle horses and yet have been shown as such ridden by a woman who uses a cross saddle.

There can be little doubt in the minds of either faction as to which is the more graceful fashion, but the devotees of the cross saddle have insisted on bringing the good of the animal into the argument and tried to convince owners and riders that it is impossible for the rider's weight to be evenly distributed in a side saddle, that of the first things that a riding teacher impresses on his pupils is to keep the right shoulder back and the left knee pressed against the pigskin below the pommel, with the toe pointing straight ahead. If the rider is careful to keep the buttons on the riding coat on a line with the horse's mane and to hold the right shoulder and the left knee in position there is little danger of the saddle dragging on the back of the mount. In rising to the trot the action should be from the right knee and not merely a step up in the stirrup, putting all of the weight on the left side.

In regard to jumping there is no doubt that the most secure seat is on the side saddle. With the pommels under the right knee and over the left it is possible to get a grip on the saddle that would allow the rider to take considerable jouncing before she could be dislodged, while on the cross saddle she must depend wholly on balance and the grip which she can get on the slippery pigskin with the knees. When the rider is not much over 5 feet tall, as is often the case, and the horse is a well fed sixteen hander, this grip is merely theoretical and does not contribute to the safety of the rider when piloting her mount over a stiff fence.

It is a notable fact that all of the professional women riders and nearly all of the amateurs who appear in the horse shows use a side saddle. Whether it is actuated by a desire to look their best or whether it is merely a question of comfort and safety, it is true that nine-tenths of the women ride in the style which is said to have originated with the queen whose physical defects made it necessary for her to choose that sort of saddle.

Mrs. L. A. Dalrymple Percival, one of the best known exhibitors of saddle horses and hunters, is a young woman to whom "fear" is an unknown word. She breaks all of her own horses and has a splendid seat and light hands that are a balm to the wounded feelings of many a fractious timber topper. At a recent horse show one of her hunters displayed such a total disregard for the rules laid down for qualified hunters that no professional on the grounds would show him in the jumping class. His owner, however, would not be dissuaded and having resolved that he should appear in that class she decided to ride him herself, which she did, and although he gave an exhibition that has seldom been equalled in the circus ring Mrs. Percival never for a moment lost control of him and finally made him do just what she intended that he should do when she took him in the ring.

The good old thoroughbred Rockin, with whom Mrs. Percival carried off scores of ribbons, was the only horse show favorite with a bank account. All of his money earned in the show ring was deposited to the account of Rockin Percival, and at the end of the season it made a tidy little sum. Rockin was a thrifty old fellow and refused to lend one of his earnings, consequently no horses in the stable could boast the bridles and blankets with which Rockin was equipped.

Miss Helen Prentice is another clever horsewoman who prefers the side saddle. She rode a lot of hunters at the recent Bay Shore horse show which were a handful for the most expert horseman. Though she took a couple of croppers, she finally succeeded in forcing her unruly mounts to take the fences.

Mrs. Goelet Gallatin uses both styles of saddle and rides equally well astride or with the more conservative side saddle. The picture shows her as she appeared in wild West costume at the Wild West show given at Southampton in the early part of the summer.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.
MISS NATALIE GREEN ON MISS LEMON AT THE BAY SHORE HORSE SHOW.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.
MRS. GOELET GALLATIN AT THE SOUTHAMPTON WILD WEST SHOW.

Photo by Paul Thompson.
MISS HELEN PRENTICE RIDING FOLLOW ME AT THE BAY SHORE HORSE SHOW.

LEFT TO RIGHT—MISS WITTINDALE OF PHILADELPHIA, MRS. L. A. D. PERCIVAL OF PHILADELPHIA, MISS C. R. MURR, MISS MURR, MR. WALLER OF PHILADELPHIA.

MRS. L. A. D. PERCEVAL OF PHILADELPHIA AT THE LONG BRANCH HORSE SHOW.

THE BARREL STAVE HAMMOCK

COMFORT ON THE PORCH AT A COST OF 50 CENTS.

Easily Made Out of a Flour Barrel and 68 Feet of Rope—Comfort and Safety Its Strong Points—It Can Be Built in an Hour—Here Are the Directions.

Some persons pay high prices for hammocks under the impression that the greater the cost the more comfortable they should be, whereas the truth is that the price of an empty cracker barrel and a few feet of rope will secure the most comfortable hammock in the world for lounging purposes.

The barrel hammock contains all the ease and none of the vices of other hammocks. It is impossible to upset it, no matter how high you swing. It will hold people of the hooks are as strong as ropes and can be set at any degree of flatness or curve at the pleasure of the user. Comfort and safety are its points.

Construction is a very simple affair. Anyone can make one in an hour. The things necessary are a flour or cracker barrel, about sixty eight feet of twelve strand rope (total cost, 50 cents).

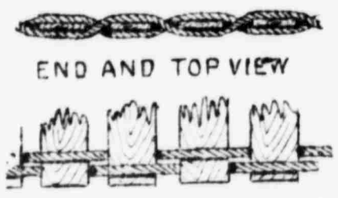
The first thing to do is to make the needless or one piece. If you are not strong enough to subject the barrel to the strain, and cash them with marlin. The strand rope is cut into the floor of the barrel and the strand is the rope round the hoops, as shown in the first one.

A piece of stout twine, the size of a lead pencil, is cut from the rope and make the tie to hold the strands. This is to take care of any slack necessary. When the rope is cut it will be found that the total length is about sixty feet, which is the correct size for a first class hammock. If your posts are closer than this you may have to cut a bit to fit your space, or you may lengthen out. The length should be eight inches more than the distance from hook to hook. Stretching will do the rest.

The next step is to take the barrel apart and brush the flour off the staves. Then put them into sizes to their widths. Mark the middle of the rope and lay one of your widest staves there.

Separating the four lengths of rope so that two sides of a loop shall be together, being careful to leave a loop at the ends, lay the first barrel stave between them so that one rope shall be above it and one below. Do the same thing with the other end of the stave and you will have made a start.

Place a stave on each side of the first, but put the rope that was on the top of the first stave under the next one and the rope that was under the first on the top of the adjoining ones, like this.



In doing this be careful not to twist the ropes, the rope that started on the inside keeping that position right along and never crossing over to the outside. You will find that on each alternate stave the upper rope will slip up to the groove in the barrel stave that held the head of the barrel when it was still a barrel. Some persons bore holes at the ends of each stave and tie the ropes in position, but this is not necessary if the staves are well placed.

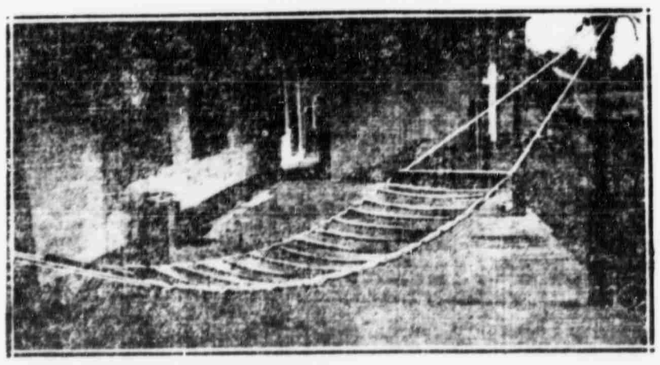
Having got all the staves in between the ropes in this way, working by couples from the centre, go over them again and force them as close together as you can, after you have made the ends of your rope fast, so that they cannot get any slack. About an inch and a half space between them is quite enough. This will leave your hammock about six feet long.

For the ends, to keep your ropes apart, you want two pieces of wood with notches at each end, large enough to hold the two strands of rope easily. These pieces must be just the length of the distance between the ropes at the last barrel stave. Now your hammock is ready to hang up.

The next thing is to trim it by putting some soft of soft rug or quilt on it and a sofa cushion for the head, and there you are.

All that remains to be done is to find out who is boss around the house and to hang the hammock at the angle that meets with the boss's approbation, as some like a flat be while others prefer the curve.

It is impossible to upset this hammock or to swing yourself out of it and you can turn over and roll about in it just as safely as if you were in bed.



THE BARREL STAVE HAMMOCK COMPLETED.

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

Agreed to Commit Suicide—Told to Choose the Way—Took the Drink Route.

Macon, Mo., Aug. 13.—The editor of the *Daily Thriller* would have rejoiced at a chance that came to a Macon newspaper one day this week. A tourist, possibly of the box car variety, yet a man who bore himself with dignity in his somewhat shabby clothes, stopped deferentially at the office door, removed his hat and inquired of a man who sat writing at a pine table:

"Would you like to have something to put in your newspaper?"

"Guess you got a marriage or an obit," growled the man in rolled up sleeves; "take it into the next room and hand it to that young woman with the corn colored hair."

"No, sir, I think this matter belongs more properly to this department, if you will pardon me. I have heard people speak of you as running an enterprising newspaper. Now, while I know that all newspapers are bothered to death by men who know more about how to run the paper than the editor does himself, yet I think, if you will kindly listen to me, you will admit that I have something which is at least original."

The professor did not venture in nor did the man at the desk invite him, although he surveyed him with interest. The professor went on:

"The subject I have the honor to offer to you is one of importance. Would you mind listening?"

"I mind it."

"You have read, I presume, how it feels to fall from the eaves of a twenty story building down to the ground?"

"Several hundred times. I never kept exact track of it."

"And also the painful sensation of being frozen to death?"

"Surely. Can't you think up something else?"

"I didn't think up any of these," said the professor with dignity. "I am merely recalling some of the trite incidents we so often see in the newspapers."

"Well, skip the balance and get down to the point."

"You never had anybody tell you how it feels to get struck by lightning or blown up by dynamite?"

"N-o-o-o, I don't remember that I have."

"And I don't guess you ever will. Now, I have something that is really different. Have you ever noticed in any newspaper an antemortem statement from a suicide as to his sensations before the last rash act? I mean something that was written for publication while he was in perfect health?"

"Many suicides write letters to friends; they are frequently published in the papers."

"Yes, but that is not what I mean," said the professor, hurriedly. "Now, I have a bona fide proposition to make to you. I have seen about all there is to see of life and I am ready to go—for a fair consideration. If you will put up $5 I will perform the act exclusively for your paper in any method you suggest. You can send your reporters around to interview me, and take pictures while the cold shivers are creeping over me and have the thing all to yourself. No other paper will get anyways near it. What do you say?"

The man at the table was not as badly staggered as one might suppose at the cold blooded proposition. After a moment's meditation he said:

"I don't see where your rakeoff comes in. Do you simply offer this as an act of generosity to the paper, or do you want us to stand the expenses of burying you? If that is your idea, wouldn't it be cheaper to use dynamite?"

"I don't mean to pull off the tragedy today. I thought you might let me have the $5 now and I would show up to-morrow some time after dinner that is your publication day, I believe, so as to give you an opportunity to get the story up in full in time to catch the mail. I suppose if I get here about 1 o'clock it would be early enough?"

The editor gave the professor a dollar and told him he could complete his contract at any time and in any way he wanted to. He never expected to see the man again, but precisely at 1 o'clock the next day there was an uproar out in the corridor and the janitor, hat off, coat torn and hair mussed up, shoved his head into the office and said there was a maniac outside who insisted that he had an appointment with the editor.

The janitor declared that he had done his best to calm the man and that his head had been badly punched for his pains.

The editor remembered his visitor of the day before and told the janitor to admit him. He came in with a yell. His coat was torn in half a dozen places, trousers rolled up and covered with mud, black necktie twisted around the side of his head and a general appearance of feeling the old world was a joyful place to live in.

"Just in time! (Hic). Whoop!" was the first announcement. "Told you I'd do it. I'm a feller I never goes back on his word. Send for yer reporters and artists! Get out yer X-rays an' phonographs!

"Mos' wonderful thing in the world 'bout to happen. Big scoop! How it feels ter 'mit suicide with meditation and malice of forethought! Whoopee! Come 'round and let me tell yer my dyin' sensations! Preserve all my remarks for future ages, open up yer lexikaks and take the views of my distorted features!

"Wow! Where's the historian that's goin' ter write it up? Bring out the best in the shop, 'cause this sort of thing don't happen every day. Man walks right into newspaper office an' 'liberately 'mits suicide ter please his frien', th' editor. Whoop-ee.

"Gin yer flipper, ole man, as the last cold shivers creep over my immoral frame, nothing like 'great, great scoop' no other paper has it, here's yer extra edition' man 'liberately 'mits self-murder by by drinking hisself to death in presence of in presence of sixteen newspaper 'porters, three editors and two shemale writetypers, goin' ter die right now, let him, let her go, big scoop, big schoop. Whoop!"

He sank down in the big arm chair by the radiator, his head rolled over to one side and he went to sleep. Then the janitor got a couple of policemen, who carried the limp form to the station, where the suicide remained until he sobered up. The $1 was garnisheed by the marshal to help pay the costs.

Death Rate Among German Babies

From America.

The figures of the present infant mortality alarm Germany, where the fact that there is a notable increase is evident from the statistics just published. Out of 2,000,000 persons born alive last year in the empire 351,000 died under the age of one year, a trend exceeding 17 per cent.

The highest mortality by kingdoms is Bavaria, 22 per cent., the lowest, 16.8 per cent., is in Prussia. As compared with the British Isles the infant mortality in Germany is very high. In the former the general percentage is 10.8, the rate of mortality varying from 11.8 per cent. in England and Wales, where it is highest, to 9.2 per cent. in Ireland, where it is lowest.

TO TURN ROADS INTO FARMS.

One-third of Present 60 Foot Width Could Be Utilized.

Gov. Carroll of Iowa proposes to lop off ten feet from each side of the highways of that State and turn it over to corn growing. He thinks that a road very rarely needs to be more than forty feet wide for the service of the public and that anything wider than that is simply so much land given over to weeds.

The Iowa law does not compel the laying out of roads sixty feet wide, although that is generally the custom. There are 200,000 miles of roads in this single State of Iowa, and it is a fact that they are mainly neglected.

There are over 50,000 acres of land belonging to the highways, and if the people resume the cultivation of one-third they will have added a good deal over 20,000 acres to food production. The annual net revenue per acre in Iowa is set down at $15, a very modest estimate, but this would make the income of the restored land at least $1,000,000.

"We believe that Gov. Carroll's proposition is all right, and that it stands good for every State in the Union," says the *Independent*. "We are confirmed in this by the correspondence called out by our own article advocating road economics. There is no reason why there should be broad strips of waste land running in every direction across our States. The roads that we do have should be better used, and whatever land belongs to the public on either side of the road should be made gardenlike.

"At present the weed breeding strips called roads are a nuisance and a preventive to good farming. They slow down adjacent fields and make fine cultivation more difficult. The worst weeds we have to contend with have mainly traveled across the country by way of the roads. But with proper culture these same land strips could be made beneficent models of culture and beauty.

"Gov. Carroll talks like a farmer, and his proposition stands up with the economies of the coming civilization. Larger crops, no waste land, no weed breeding roads. A large party of Iowans agree with their Governor in all except the disposition that should be made of the reserved lands. They would have it cultivated by the public, and the proceeds applied to making better driveways of the portion not withdrawn for tillage."